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648

# BIG TIME

## the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

SLOTT
RAMOS
CUEVAS
DELGADO

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HI. I'M PETER PARKER, YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN. AND *THIS* IS HOW I SPENT THE FIRST SUNDAY IN NOVEMBER...

...LEADING *THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!*

# AVENGERS ASSEMBLE!

WHY DOES *HE* GET TO SAY IT?

IT'S *HIS* BAD GUY. WHEN IT'S ONE A' YOURS, *YOU* CAN SAY IT.

*ENOUGH!* WHAT SAY YOU, SPIDER-MAN? HOW SHALL WE PROCEED?

WELL, I USUALLY START OFF WITH A JOKE ABOUT HIS WEIGHT. HE HATES THAT.

OH, AND TRY WEBBING UP HIS GLASSES. THAT *ALWAYS* WORKS.

GIANT OCTOPUS ROBOTS. THAT'S NEW. SO HOW MANY ARE WE DEALING WITH?

MY SCANNERS PICK UP TWENTY BETWEEN HERE AND BATTERY PARK. EIGHTEEN MORE UPTOWN. EVERYONE FAN OUT.

THOR, SPIDER-WOMAN, WE'LL HIT 'EM HIGH. HAWKEYE, CAP, WOLVERINE, YOU HIT 'EM LOW. SPIDEY, TALK US THROUGH IT.

# BIG TIME


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YOU'VE DEALT WITH DOCTOR OCTOPUS' TECHNOLOGY BEFORE. WHAT ARE ITS WEAKNESSES?

ZZZAK

WOW! IRON MAN'S ASKING *ME* FOR TECH SUPPORT? PINCH ME.

THIS IS SERIOUS!

SORRY. OTTO CONTROLS HIS 'BOTS AT SPECIFIC FREQUENCIES. A STRONG ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PULSE SHOULD DISRUPT HIS--

SO BE IT!

WHAT HE SAID. A COUPLE E.M.P. ARROWS COMING UP!

CHOOM

GUYS, DON'T WASTE TIME WITH HEADSHOTS. GO FOR THE LEGS.

EACH ONE HAS INTERDEPENDENT A.I. THE HEAD'S JUST FOR SHOW.

TAKING ORDERS FROM PARKER. NEVER GONNA HEAR THE END A' THIS.

WOLVERINE! NIX ON THE PARKER-TALK. NOT *ALL* THE AVENGERS KNOW HIS SECRET IDENTITY.

THANKS, CAP. I KNOW IT'S TOUGH, BUT TRY NOT TO TRIP UP ON THAT, OKAY?

AND SPEAKING OF TRIPPING UP...

TA-DA!
THAT'S ONE SMALL STEP FOR MECHANICAL OCTOPI, ONE GIANT KERSPLAT FOR--
UH-OH...
HEY! SEE THE BIG FALLING THING? MIIIIGHT WANNA TAKE A STEP OR TWO TO THE LEFT.
HULLO?
GREAT. LOOKS LIKE I HAVE A JOHN DOE-IN-THE-HEADLIGHTS!
DON'T WORRY, PAL...
KNCHH
...I GOTCHA!
YOU OKAY?
YEAH. THINK SO. I--
WAIT. WHERE'S MY WALLET?!
STOP THAT GUY! I THINK HE TOOK MY WALLET!
AH, NEW YORK. DON'T EVER CHANGE.
THE MAYOR'S RIGHT! *YOU'RE A MENACE!*

Gracie Mansion:
THE RESIDENCE OF MAYOR J. JONAH JAMESON.

GET ME ANDRU AIR FORCE BASE! I'M ORDERING A FULL AIR STRIKE ON MANHATTAN!

OF COURSE I'M SERIOUS! I HAVE *MASSIVE METAL SPIDERS* ATTACKING *MY* CITY!

NO. THEY'RE MOLLUSKS. WE'RE GOING TO BE CRUSHED AND KILLED BY GIANT OCTOPUSES. POSSIBLY SOME SQUID.

NOT NOW, MARLA! I'M DECLARING MARTIAL LAW!

MR. MAYOR, IF YOU AND YOUR WIFE COULD COME THIS WAY, PLEASE. WE HAVE TO GET YOU TO A SECURE LOCATION.

FINE. JUST PATCH ME IN TO MY SON'S SQUADRON!

THAT'S RIGHT! GET ME COLONEL JOHN JAMESON, JR!

DIRECT LINES TO ARMED FORCES, POLICE, AND EMERGENCY SERVICES.

ADDITIONAL SECURITY DETAIL IN MANDROID BATTLE SUITS.

THREE ARMORED VEHICLES. TWO DECOYS.

BEGIN TRACKING MODE TO DETERMINE POSSIBLE SAFE HOUSES.

SOON, JAMESON.

VERY SOON.

JUST YOU WAIT. JOHN AND A SQUAD OF ARMED JUMP-JETS WILL CLEAR THIS UP IN NO TIME!

MARLA? WHAT NOW? IS THIS BECAUSE I SNAPPED AT YOU BACK THERE?

I KNOW THINGS ARE TENSE BETWEEN US, BUT THIS COLD SHOULDER TREATMENT HAS GOT TO--

MMPH

WAIT. WE SHOULDN'T.

WHAT? WHY? WOMAN!

I HAVE A LIST. FIVE THINGS I WROTE DOWN FOR COUPLES THERAPY. I WANTED TO GET THROUGH THEM ONE A MONTH. BUT, WELL... GIANT OCTOPUSES.

SO WE'RE DOING *ALL* OF THEM NOW.

NOW?

YES. GIANT OCTOPUSES. WE COULD DIE AT ANY MOMENT. WE'RE DOING THIS NOW. AND *THEN* WE'RE BACK TOGETHER.

FINE. (AND, BY THE WAY, THOSE ARE SPIDERS.)

THEY'RE *NOT.* AND SPIDER-MAN HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS.

THEY HAVE EIGHT LEGS!

JONAH, STOP. THE MAN'S A HERO.

NO! YOU WANT A *HERO?* MY SON...

"...JOHN JAMESON! NOW *HE'S* A HERO!"

EVERYTHING CHECKS OUT, COLONEL. SHE'S GOOD TO GO. YOU BE CAREFUL NOW.

DON'T WORRY, BOYS. I'M JUST HEADING INTO THE CITY.

TELL YOU WHAT, IF THERE'S TIME, I'M BRINGING BACK GRAY'S PAPAYA. YOU LIKE YOURS WITH LOTS OF MUSTARD, RIGHT, TYLER?

AFFIRMATIVE, SIR. GODSPEED, COLONEL.

DAMN, THAT'S ONE HELLUVA GUY.

I KNOW. I HANDPICKED HIM TO BE MY PILOT FOR A WHILE. NO ONE I'D RATHER FLY WITH.

COMMANDER ROGERS?! NO ONE TOLD ME YOU WERE ON BASE, SIR.

THAT'S HOW IT SHOULD BE, AIRMAN. WE'RE AT FULL ALERT, DOWN TO A SKELETON CREW...

...LEAVING YOU THE ONLY SENTRY FOR HANGAR NINE--AND THE *VERTEX SHUTTLE.*

WHICH IS WHY I'M RELIEVING YOU.

SIR?

SORRY, SON. BUT THE PRESIDENT WOULD RATHER HAVE A *SUPER-SOLDIER* STANDING GUARD.

UNDERSTOOD.

*SEMPER PARATUS,* AIRMAN.

YES, SIR! ALWAYS READY!

New York City.
42ND STREET AND MADISON AVE.

THERE. THAT SHOULD HOLD YOU TILL I CAN FIND A FIFTY-FOOT SUSHI CHEF.

WELL, LOOK WHO SHOWED UP TO THE PARTY. HEY, FLYBOYS!

ALWAYS NICE WHEN THE *REAL* HEROES POP BY AND DO THE HEAVY LIFTING.

GIVES A GUY LIKE ME A CHANCE TO CATCH MY BREATH AND SEE WHAT'S...

...WHAT?! I'M ON THE BAXTER BUILDING?

HOPE THE FANTASTIC FOUR DON'T MIND ME LEAVING TRASH ON THEIR STOOP.

SO? HOW'S MY FAVORITE FOURSOME? NEED A HAND?

WE'RE A LITTLE BUSY, SPIDEY.

YEAH! GO GET YOUR OWN OCTOBOT!

THESE UNITS ARE PART OF A HIVE-MIND. IF WE COULD KEEP ONE OF THEM INTACT-- ***BEN!***

SORRY, STRETCHO. MY FISTS ONLY GOT ONE SETTING: *CLOBBERIN'*!

***FINE!*** I ***WILL*** GET MY OWN KILLER-ROBOT!

AND I'LL HOG ***ALL*** THE GLORY FOR MY--

SPIDER-SENSE!

YAHH! I TAKE IT BACK! LET'S DO A TEAM-UP!

KLANG

FF?! AIR FORCE?! SNOOKI?! ANYBODY!

POK

PTZZ

KZAK

MAN, THESE THINGS CAN REALLY--BLOW *THEMSELVES* UP?

THAT'S WEIRD. IT'S BREAKING DOWN FROM THE INSIDE OUT. BUT WHAT COULD POSSIBLY--

THAT'D BE *ME*, SPIDER.

FELICIA HARDY: THE BLACK CAT. GOOD GUY. BAD GIRL. THIEF. SOMETIMES ALL OF THE ABOVE.

SOMETIMES WITH BENEFITS.

I PICKED THE LOCK ON ITS ACCESS PANEL, GUMMED UP THE WORKS, AND TOOK IT OUT ALL BY MY LONESOME. PRETTY IMPRESSIVE, RIGHT?

LIKE, *AVENGERS*-LEVEL IMPRESSIVE?

CAT? WHAT'RE YOU SAYING?

THAT IF A GUY LIKE *YOU* CAN WORK SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA, WHY CAN'T I? YOU'D PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME, WOULDN'T YOU, SPIDER?

THEN MAYBE *WE* COULD WORK SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER AGAIN TOO.

UM... I GOTTA GO.

THINK ABOUT IT?

TRYING VERY HARD NOT TO.

THAT WAS CLOSE. FELICIA'S *WAY* SCARIER THAN ANY OCTOBOT! I *CANNOT* BE FOOLING AROUND AS *SPIDEY*...

...NOT WHEN *PETER PARKER'S* FINALLY GOT HIMSELF A GIRL...

...THE SWEET, CUTE, AND NERDY MS. CARLIE COOPER.

SHE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE. ALONG WITH THE REST OF MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS. THEY'RE *WHY* I DO THIS.

I MAY NOT BE A HEAVY-HITTER LIKE THOR OR IRON MAN, BUT LONG AGO I LEARNED THAT WHATEVER POWER I *DO* HAVE...

...IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY TO USE IT FOR *THEM*--AND EVERYONE *LIKE* THEM! DOWN THERE, *EVERY* NEW YORKER IS SOMEBODY'S AUNT MAY, MJ, ROBBIE...OR, HECK, EVEN JONAH. I WON'T LET 'EM DOWN!

EVEN IF IT MEANS TAKING EVERY ONE OF THESE THINGS APART PIECE BY PIECE.

*SPIDER-MAN.*

OOH! OTTO'S OCTOBOTS, NOW WITH FACE-TIME. SAY, DOC, DIDN'T I JUST SEE YOU LAST WEEK?

GEEZ! HOW MANY "*MASTER PLANS*" HAVE YOU *GOT*?

*AS MANY AS I NEED...IN WHAT LITTLE TIME I HAVE LEFT.*

*HEAR ME, NEW YORK. RECENTLY, I BESTOWED UPON YOU A **GREAT** GIFT, SO THAT MY LEGACY COULD LIVE ON. AND YOU **REJECTED** IT!*

*NOW, I BRING YOU THE ONLY GIFT I HAVE LEFT TO SHARE-- THE CLARITY THAT COMES FROM KNOWING YOU ARE **ABOUT TO DIE!***

POP

New Jersey.
Andru Air Force Base,
Hangar Nine.

KRAKK

THIS IS *BENEATH* ME.

I AM *PURE ENERGY* NOW! LIVING *ELECTRICITY!* *POWER INCARNATE!*

AND WHAT DOES OCTAVIUS HAVE ME DO? SNEAK IN THROUGH LIGHT FIXTURES?

SHORT OUT SECURITY KEYPADS? YOU KNOW HOW THIS MAKES ME LOOK?

LIKE A GLORIFIED ELECTRIC DOOR OPENER.

THAT'S RIGHT, CHAMELEON. KEEP PUSHING MY BUTTONS. SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

AT LEAST *YOU* GOT TO DO SOMETHING IMPORTANT. *YOU* GOT TO IMPERSONATE THE GOVERNMENT'S TOP COP.

THERE'S A WORD FOR THAT, ELECTRO. "*TREASON.*" A HANGING OFFENSE.

DOESN'T MATTER. IN THE END, WE'RE BOTH JUST OCK'S DELIVERY BOYS...

...GETTING HIS *TOYS* PAST THAT CHECKPOINT. YOU HEAR THAT, DOC? WE'RE DONE HERE.

A Secret Location

HEADQUARTERS OF THE NEW SINISTER SIX.

EXCELLENT. RETURN TO BASE.

MYSTERIO, PLACE ALL MACRO-OCTOBOTS ON STANDBY. THAT DIVERSION IS NO LONGER NECESSARY.

DIVERSION? YOU LAUNCHED A FULL-SCALE WAR ON NEW YORK JUST TO GET THROUGH ONE DOOR IN NEW JERSEY?

THAT'S CRAZY. EVEN FOR YOU, DOC.

*YOU* DO NOT UNDERSTAND, MARKO. FOR A MAN WITH NOTHING TO LOSE, THERE IS NO NEED FOR SUBTLETY.

THERE IS *ONLY* OVERWHELMING FORCE. ALL OR NOTHING--AND *NOTHING* IN BETWEEN.

RHINO, PLEASE. WITH DOCTOR OCTOPUS, THERE'S ALWAYS A TWIST.

TRUE. THE MACRO-OCTOBOTS WERE COMPILING DATA ON OUR OPPONENTS.

THE NEXT TIME WE FACE THE AVENGERS OR FANTASTIC FOUR, WE'LL HAVE SOME SURPRISES FOR THEM.

BUT BEFORE THEN, ONE LAST TEST. SELF-DESTRUCT INITIATED.

KLIK

THEY HAVE TWO AND A HALF MINUTES BEFORE EVERY OCTOBOT DETONATES AND MANHATTAN IS DESTROYED.

WHAT?! YOU *NEVER* SAID NOTHING 'BOUT THAT!

MY KID, KEMIA'S IN THE CITY! YOU GOTTA STOP IT, DOC! **NOW!**

CALM YOURSELF, SANDMAN. THERE'S A SOLUTION. AND SPIDER-MAN WILL FIND IT.

FOR YEARS I THOUGHT HE WAS A BUFFOON--A CHILD. BUT HE DEFEATED ME IN A BATTLE OF MINDS. TRUST ME. THE MAN IS A GENIUS...

"...AND I SHALL NEVER UNDERESTIMATE HIM AGAIN!"

SPIDER-MAN, DID YOU JUST...?

YEAH. SORRY. THAT WAS A LITTLE BIT A' STRESS...AND A LITTLE BIT A' TACO BELL.

UNH. SOMEONE KEEP HIM AWAY FROM THE HUMAN TORCH.

02:28

THOR, CAN'T YOU OR MRS. RICHARDS JUST PICK THESE UP AND THROW 'EM INTO SPACE?

MR. FANTASTIC BELIEVES THESE MACHINES TO BE CONNECTED. IF WE DISARM ONE, WE DISARM THEM ALL. HOWEVER...

02:21

...SHOULD WE FAIL BUT ONCE...

WE COULD FREEZE THE UPPER ASSEMBLY.

NO. IT HAS THERMAL COMPENSATORS.

02:16

GOODBYE, NEW YORK. IF ONLY WE HAD MORE TIME.

ALL WE'D NEED IS ONE SLIVER OF VIBRANIUM...

...AND WE COULD SET UP A COUNTER VIBRATION AT THE POINT OF DETONATION.

TOO BAD THERE'S PRACTICALLY NONE OF IT LEFT ON EARTH.

02:07

SPIDEY, ABOUT BEFORE. YOU KNOW I THINK YOU'RE THE BEST, RIGHT? AND NOT JUST THE SUPER HERO STUFF.

YOU'RE A BIG BRAIN TOO. YOU SHOULD BE OVER THERE WITH REED AND TONY, SAVING OUR BUTTS.

RIGHT. LIKE I'M IN THEIR LEAGUE.

OKAY, SO LET 'EM DO *THEIR* THING. YOU CAN GO WORK ON A FALLBACK PLAN.

JOHNNY, LOOK AT THE TIME. THERE'S NO WAY I COULD... POSSIBLY...COME UP WITH...

...A FALLBACK PLAN!

THAT'S IT!

12:00

SPIDER-MAN? WHAT ARE YOU--?

01:45

HOT SOUP! COMING THROUGH!

THIS IS NO TIME FOR ANY OF YOUR CRAZY--

WRONG, SHELL-HEAD! THIS'S THE *EXACT TIME* FOR MY SORTA CRAZY! I *KNOW HOW TO FIX THIS!*

01:16

STOP! DON'T RESET THE TIMER! THERE ARE FAIL-SAFES!

I'M *NOT* RESETTING IT. I'M SYNCHING IT UP...

01:00

...WITH THE OPERATING SYSTEM'S BUILT-IN CLOCK.

REED. TONY. LOOK AT THE *TIME*. DON'T YOU SEE?

00:31

AMAZING. WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?

'CAUSE THIS IS *LITERALLY* A STUPID, TWO-IN-THE-MORNING KIND OF IDEA!

WHAT? OH, I GET IT NOW! PRETTY CLEVER, KID.

00:00

WHUDDYA KNOW...IT ACTUALLY WORKED.

NOT THAT I'M COMPLAININ' OR NUTHIN', BUT WHY DIDN'T WE ALL GO "BOOM"?

'CAUSE IT'S THE FIRST SUNDAY IN NOVEMBER, BEN.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME.

WE JUST GOT AN EXTRA HOUR.

AND WITH A QUINJET, A COUPLE FANTASTICARS, AND A GOD OF THUNDER...

...THAT'S ALL WE NEED TO GET THE REMAINING OCTOBOTS A SAFE DISTANCE FROM SHORE.

WITH PLENTY OF TIME LEFT OVER FOR A SPIDEY LOVEFEST...

...AND SOME VICTORY "FIREWORKS", COURTESY OF DOCTOR OCTOPUS.

ALL HAIL YOURS TRULY, THE CONQUERING HERO.

NOT A BAD START TO THE DAY, RIGHT?

OF COURSE, THERE'S STILL TWENTY-THREE HOURS TO GO. OH, AND DID I MENTION, I'M ***FIVE WEEKS*** BEHIND ON RENT?

FORTUNATELY, I WAS ABLE TO GET SOME WORK AT FRONT LINE, MANHATTAN'S SCRAPPIEST NEWSPAPER-SLASH-MEDIA OUTLET.

MOVE IT, PARKER. WE'RE ABOUT TO GO ONLINE. I NEED THOSE PHOTOS!

FRONT LINE

EASY, NORAH. KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON.

YOU WISH!

AND BY "*WORK*," I MEAN LUGGING BOXES AND SETTING UP COMPUTERS.

IT'S ABOUT AS CLOSE TO JOURNALISM AS I GET NOWADAYS.

EVER SINCE I GOT CAUGHT DOCTORING SOME PICS--AND WAS BLACKBALLED OUTTA THE BIZ.

HOOK UP THAT HARD DRIVE, ALREADY! IT'S GOT PICTURES I NEED FOR MY ARTICLE. C'MON, PHOTO-MONKEY! CHOP CHOP!

WAIT. YOU'RE NOT ***EVEN*** A PHOTO-MONKEY ANYMORE, ARE YOU? WHAT DO I CALL YOU?

I'M SURE YOU'LL COME UP WITH--

OOH! MANUEL LABOR? HUGH WANT-FRIES-WITH THAT? WILL WORK-FOR-FOOD?

HEY, NORAH. WHERE DO YOU WANT THIS?

PHIL? AHH. I WAS BUSTING ON PETE, 'CAUSE, Y'KNOW, HE'S BEEN TO ***GRAD SCHOOL.***

HE CAN DO SO MUCH MORE THAN ***THIS***--UM. NOT THAT ***YOU*** COULDN'T--I'LL BE SHUTTING UP NOW.

I CAN'T PAY YOU TODAY, PETE. CHECKS GO OUT AT THE END OF THE WEEK.

MS. WINTERS, IF YOU'D BE SO KIND AS TO STOP MENTALLY SCARRING MY NEPHEW?

SORRY, MR. URICH.

NOW ABOUT THIS ARTICLE YOU WERE WORKING ON FOR YOUR WEB-COLUMN?

RIGHT. IT'S ABOUT THIS NEW "*GOBLIN CULTURE*" THAT'S POPPING UP AROUND THE CITY.

A "*CULTURE*" THAT'S PART SOCIAL AND PART *FUNGUS.*

NORMAN OSBORN MAY BE ROTTING AWAY IN A CELL, BUT THE STENCH OF HIM IS REACHING THE STREETS.

WHAT AM I SEEING HERE? GREEN GOBLIN GANG SIGNS? COLORS? ARE THOSE TATTOOS?

YEP. AMONG WHITE SUPREMACISTS, GOBLIN TATS ARE BECOMING MORE POPULAR THAN SWASTIKAS.

BEN? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET HER LOOK INTO THIS, ARE YOU? THE LAST TIME NORAH GOT MIXED UP WITH OSBORN--

HE SCARED ME STUPID AND I CRAWLED INTO A DEEP, DARK HOLE. I *KNOW!* BUT THIS IS WHERE I PULL MYSELF *OUT!*

I'M GOING DOWN EVERY AVENUE AND FOLLOWING EVERY LEAD. IF THERE'S A CHANCE THAT OSBORN'S BUILDING HIMSELF BACK UP, I'M *EXPOSING* IT!

DIDN'T KNOW NORAH WINTERS WAS INTO ALL OF THIS GREEN GOBLIN STUFF.

WONDER WHAT SHE'D DO IF SHE KNEW A LOSER LIKE ME WAS ACTUALLY ONE OF 'EM.

BET IT'D BLOW HER MIND THAT I USED TO BE SOMEONE. EMPHASIS ON "*USED TO.*"

WHOA. CHECK OUT THE CAR--AND THE SUITS. MUST BE SOMEBODY IMPORTANT.

THIS WAY, YOUR HONOR.

I'M COMING. DON'T RUSH ME.

THE AREA'S SECURE, SIR.

BLAST IT, WOMAN. I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE MAKING ME DO THIS.

*SEE GREEN GOBLIN #1-#13 -STEVE*

IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, DEAR.

IT'S EXTORTION, IS WHAT IT IS! EMOTIONAL BLACKMAIL!

JONAH? TO WHAT DO WE OWE THE PLEASURE, "YOUR HONOR"?

"PLEASURE" AND "MAYOR J. JONAH JAMESON" ARE **NOT** TWO THINGS THAT GO TOGETHER IN MY BOOK.

I DO THE GUY A SOLID, DOCTOR A PHOTO TO MAKE HIM LOOK GOOD, AND HE CALLED ME OUT ON LIVE TV. SURE, HE WAS IN THE RIGHT...

...BUT THAT'S ***WHY*** I HAD TO HANG UP MY CAMERA. AND WHY THE TWO OF US CAN BARELY STAND THE SIGHT OF EACH OTHER.

SO THESE ARE THE NEW OFFICES? WHAT A COMPLETE PILE OF--

AHEM.

--CRAFTSMANSHIP. HERE, JOE. GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU. A HOUSEWARMING GIFT.

WHAT IS IT? MARLA?

YOU'VE BEEN GOOD TO THE JAMESONS, ROBBIE. YOU TOO, BEN. AND I DID WRONG BY YOU.

WE MADE SOME CALLS, POOLED SOME RESOURCES, AND WE BOUGHT IT BACK-- FROM DEXTER BENNETT'S SHARE-HOLDERS.

IT'S ***THE DAILY BUGLE***, JOE. THE NAME. FREE AND CLEAR. AND IT'S YOURS.

THINGS LIKE *FRONT LINE* COME AND GO. ***THIS*** IS PART OF HISTORY. PART OF NEW YORK. PART OF ALL OF US.

WE CAN BE ***THE BUGLE*** AGAIN?

***SOME*** OF US WORKED VERY HARD TO BUILD UP ***FRONT LINE***.

PETE, CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS?

PETE?

THANK YOU, OLD FRIEND.

JONAH? YOU CAN LET GO NOW. JONAH?

JONAH!

Alphabet City.
THE LOWER EAST SIDE.

I'M SURE MICHELE WILL UNDERSTAND. AT THE END OF THE WEEK...I'LL HAVE ALMOST ALL THE MONEY I OWE HER...

...ON *LAST* MONTH'S RENT. OY.

OKAY... HERE GOES.

INTERNET BUBBLE
TEA AND INTERNET

HEY, MICHELE. I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT--

OH, MY GOD! THAT'S *ALL* MY STUFF!

YOU'RE KICKING ME OUT?

NO. I'M KICKING *US* OUT.

*HUH?*

I GOT MY BROTHER'S CASE RESOLVED. HE'S OUT ON PAROLE. I'M DONE HERE. I'M GOING BACK TO CHICAGO.

I DON'T MEAN TO BE A JERK, BUT I LEFT YOU A *MILLION* NOTES ABOUT THIS. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

OFF IN THE TIME-STREAM FIGHTING KANG.

WHAT?

NOTHING. SO, THIS IS *IT* THEN?

YEAH. HAVE A GOOD LIFE, PARKER. I KNOW I GAVE YOU A LOT OF GRIEF, BUT...WELL... YOU'RE NOT SUCH A BAD GUY.

Y'KNOW, THAT'S THE NICEST THING YOU'VE EVER SAID TO ME.

DON'T PUSH IT.

NOT *ALL OF* THE AVENGERS KNOW WHO I REALLY AM. SO I *CAN'T* STORE MY THINGS WITH THEM.

AND THE FF JUST WENT OFF INTO SPACE--OR THE NEGATIVE ZONE--OR WHATNOT.

BUT *THIS* WILL KEEP MY STUFF SAFE AND SOUND FOR *ONE HOUR*. THAT'S ENOUGH TIME TO FIND A PLACE. HEY, I'M THE GENIUS WHO JUST SAVED ALL OF NEW YORK...

...HOW HARD COULD *THIS* BE?

RANDY ROBERTSON! HOW'S IT GOING? THIS IS--

WAIT. WHY DO YOU THINK I--

WHAT DO YOU *NEED*, PETE?

YOU *ONLY* CALL WHEN YOU NEED SOMETHING. WHAT IS IT?

WELL, I WAS JUST THINKING HOW YOU WERE THE *BEST* ROOM-MATE EVER AND--

SO MICHELE FINALLY HAD ENOUGH?

SORTA. AND I WAS WONDERING--

PETE, REMEMBER THAT PIECE OF CHEESE YOU LEFT IN MY FRIDGE FOR OVER A YEAR?

NO I *DIDN'T.*

YEAH. I CALLED IT "*KEVIN.*" YOU THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY.

NOT ONCE?

NO.

SO THAT'S A "*NO*" THEN?

OKAY, NEXT UP: BETTY BRANT. THE GIRL'S LIKE A SISTER TO ME.

SHE WON'T MIND IF I CRASH ON HER COUCH FOR A WHILE.

HEY, BETTY. THIS'S PETE. I WAS HOPING--

*HI. THIS'S BETTS. I'M NOT IN RIGHT NOW. IF YOU COULD--*

PERFECT. THERE GOES MY CELL. AND GENIUS THAT I AM, I WEBBED THE RECHARGER UP TO A WALL WITH THE REST OF MY STUFF.

ALL RIGHT. WE'LL DO THIS THE OLD FASHIONED WAY.

KNOCK KNOCK

CARLIE? YOU IN?

HEY, PETE. ONE SEC.

MY GIRLFRIEND. SHOULDA THOUGHT OF THIS FIRST. YEAH, IT'S EARLY IN THE RELATIONSHIP, BUT THIS COULD WORK.

WHO KNOWS? IT COULD EVEN BRING US CLOSER TOGE--

WHAT THE--?!

OH, THIS? MY TEAM HAS A PRACTICE MEET. I'M ON MY WAY OUT ACTUALLY.

TEAM?

I'M ON A ROLLER DERBY TEAM.

SINCE WHEN?

AGES. I PUT ON A FUNNY UNIFORM, KNOCK PEOPLE AROUND, AND LET OFF SOME STEAM. WHAT? I CAN'T HAVE THIS SECRET THING I DO ON THE SIDE? JUST FOR ME?

WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE *THAT*...

WHAT DO YOU NEED, PETE?

UM...MICHELLE'S MOVING AND I GOTTA FIND A PLACE.

AND I WAS THINKING MAYBE THE TWO OF US COULD... Y'KNOW.

I DUNNO. LOOK AT US. THERE'S SO MUCH WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT EACH OTHER.

IT TOOK SO LONG TO GET TO ***THIS*** POINT, I DON'T WANT TO SCREW THINGS UP BY MOVING TOO FAST.

IS THERE ANYWHERE ELSE YOU COULD GO?

**Central Park West.**

*THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT OF JAY AND MAY JAMESON*

HE'S HERE, MAY.

HAVE YOU FIGURED OUT WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY TO HIM?

I HAVE NO IDEA.

*SINCE SHE SAW THE TEAM'S SIGN UP SHEET IN ASM #630-- SCRUTINIZIN' STEVE*

JOHN.

SIR.

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MARLA.

YOU TOO, MAY.

FIRST, I'D LIKE TO APOLOGIZE FOR NOT ATTENDING YOUR WEDDING.*

IT'S ALLOWED. YOU *WERE* IN SPACE AT THE TIME.

YES. BUT THAT'S *WHY* I REQUESTED THAT MISSION.

WELL, CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU. I WAS NEVER THERE FOR *YOU* AS A GRANDFATHER, WAS I?

WHY DON'T WE GIVE THE BOYS SOME ROOM?

AGREED. THOSE TWO HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT.

*JAY AND AUNT MAY WERE MARRIED IN ASM #600--STEVE.

I ALSO WANTED A CHANCE TO TALK WITH YOU, MAY...ABOUT PETER. SINCE JONAH FIRED HIM, I KNOW HE'S HAD A HARD TIME FINDING WORK.

NOW NOW, DEAR. THAT WAS ALL ON PETER'S SIDE.

PLEASE, MAY, WE'RE FAMILY NOW. AND I DON'T WANT THERE TO BE *ANY* BAD BLOOD.

I WAS WONDERING IF MAYBE I COULD FIND SOMETHING FOR HIM. WHAT ARE HIS SKILL SETS?

"SKILL SETS"? DR. MADISON-JAMESON, DON'T YOU KNOW? PETER'S A *GENIUS.*

YOU KEEP A SCRAPBOOK?

HE'S MY BOY.

WAIT. HE BUILT A HOME-MADE VERSION OF REED RICHARD'S NEUTRINO CATCHER?

YES, FOR A HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE FAIR.

LET ME MAKE A CALL...

"...I HAVE AN OLD FRIEND WHO MIGHT BE able TO HELP."

C'MON, FLASH, THIS'S "*PUNY PARKER*" WE'RE TALKING ABOUT, REMEMBER?

I BARELY TAKE UP ANY ROOM. YOU'D NEVER EVEN KNOW I WAS THERE.

DUDE, YOU'RE CRAMPING MY STYLE ***NOW.***

IF I STILL OWNED A PAIR A' SOCKS, ONE'D BE ON THE ***DOOR.***

WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?

USMC

*FLAAASH*, COME BACK TO BED ALREADY.

SAME OL' PARKER. WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW A WALTZ FROM A CHA-CHA.

HEY, WAIT A SEC. THAT VOICE SOUNDED AWFULLY FAMILIAR...

SLAM

WHO WAS IT?

PARKER. LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO CRASH. ***AGAIN***. IT'S LIKE GOING IN CIRCLES WITH HIM.

HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO GET BY. AND WHAT'S ***WRONG*** WITH GOING IN CIRCLES, MR. THOMPSON?

LOOK AT US. ***WE'RE*** BACK TOGETHER.

AND THAT'S A ***GOOD*** THING, BETTS.

BUT WITH PETE? HE'S SUPPOSED TO DO ***MORE*** THAN "*GET BY*." DON'T EVER TELL 'IM I SAID THIS...

...BUT BACK IN HIGH SCHOOL, WE ALL THOUGHT HE WAS GONNA BE THE NEXT BILL GATES. JUST WISH HE COULD BE LIKE ***ME***...

...AND MOVE ***FORWARD***...

"...INSTEAD OF TAKING ALL OF THESE STEPS *BACK.*"

YOU WANT TO MOVE IN WITH *ME?*

JUST FOR A FEW DAYS, MJ. IN THE SPARE ROOM.

THE TWO OF US. LIVING TOGETHER.

AGAIN.

-SNORT- HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA!

"HI, HONEY. I'M HOME!"

"HOW-- HA HA HA "HOW WAS YOUR DAY?"

HA HA!

OOH. I NEEDED THAT. GOOD LUCK, TIGER.

YEAH. I SHOULD BE GOIN'. CALL YA LATER.

WHY DOES IT HAVE TO COME TO THIS? WHY? THIS, RIGHT HERE, IS THE ABSOLUTE END OF THE ROAD. THE LAST PLACE I WANT TO BE.

"HEY, AUNT MAY. I'M HOME. AGAIN."

"I'VE **FAILED**. AGAIN."

"I HAVE TO SPONGE OFF YOU. AGAIN."

SHE'LL BE **SO** PROUD OF YOU. YOU BIG LOSER. GOD, I TRY NOT TO ASK FOR TOO MUCH, BUT I'M **BEGGING** YOU...

...I'D GIVE **ANYTHING** NOT TO HAVE TO KNOCK ON THIS DOOR.

HELLO, DEAR.

PETER.

AUNT MAY. DR. JAMESON?

WE KNEW YOU WERE COMING.

WHAT? HOW?

I'M THE FIRST LADY OF NEW YORK. SECRET SERVICE CALLED UP. COME ON, PETER. WE HAVE TO GO RIGHT AWAY.

GO? WHERE?

CAPTAIN AMERICA'S PILOT? REALLY? YOU HAVE TO TELL ME ABOUT THAT...

AH! LOOKS LIKE THE TWO OF YOU ARE GETTING ALONG.

YES, MA'AM.

WELL I'M AFRAID I HAVE TO BE GOING. I MADE AN APPOINTMENT AT HORIZON LABS.

BE SURE TO SAY HI TO MAX MODELL FOR ME.

WAIT. HE SAID "*MAX MODELL.*" HE ***KNOWS*** MAX MODELL?

YES. I PUT JOHN IN TOUCH WITH HIM. NOW THEY'RE WORKING TOGETHER.

WHAT? YOU KNOW MAX MODELL?

GOD, YOU KNOW WE DON'T ASK FOR MUCH. BUT PLEASE. HE ***NEEDS*** THIS.

BUT MAX MODELL'S A LEGEND! HE'S-- HE'S LIKE THE JOHNNY DEPP OF EINSTEINS.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT MEANS.

HE'S THE COOLEST SCIENTIST EVER. HOW DO YOU KNOW MAX MODELL?

*I'M* A SCIENTIST. WHY DOES EVERYONE KEEP FORGETTING THAT? I USED TO BUILD SPIDER-SLAYERS.

DON'T I KNOW IT.

WHAT?

NOTHING. BUT--WOW-- MAX MODELL. HE'S THE GUY BEHIND HORIZON LABS. THAT'S *HUGE*.

THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING.

WHAT?!

PETER, DON'T LOOK SO SCARED. IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

NO, MARLA. IT'S NOT THAT. IT'S--

NEVER MIND. IT'S PASSED. WE SHOULD GO.

TARGET: PETER PARKER. NEPHEW OF MAY PARKER-JAMESON. COUSIN (BY MARRIAGE). PROTEGE. FORMER EMPLOYEE.

THE SUBJECT LOOKED THIS WAY. COINCIDENCE?

MUST BE. I'M SCANNING FROM TWELVE BLOCKS AWAY. STILL...

...SECURITY IS TIGHT AROUND ALL OF THE EXTENDED FAMILY.

I'LL NEED HELP ON THIS.

SOMEONE WHO HATES JAMESON. AS MUCH AS I DO.

GARGAN. LOCATE MAC GARGAN.

SCANNING DATA BASE. INPUT PARAMETERS.

The Raft, Maximum Security Prison.

BWAHOOM BWAHOOM BWAHOOM

SO YOU'RE SAYING *EVERY* TIME GARGAN OR BROCK HAS BEEN INCARCERATED--

--WHILE BONDED WITH THIS *ALIEN* CREATURE, THEY'VE BEEN PERMITTED TO KEEP IT ON THEIR PERSON?!

R'WA'R'R'H!

YES! EVEN THOUGH WE'VE *KNOWN* WE COULD REMOVE IT WITH SONIC BLASTS!

BLAME THE *ACLU* AND PETA! THEY LOBBIED FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE SYMBIOTE!

UNBELIEVABLE! WHY NOT LET HIM CARRY A LOADED FIREARM WHILE THEY'RE AT IT?!

YOU CAN'T SEPARATE ME FROM MY *OTHER*. WE ARE *VENOM*. WE ARE...

ALONE? C-C-COME BACK. SUPPOSED TO BE TOGETHER...

PLEASE... I *NEED* YOU...

WHAT WILL BECOME OF IT NOW, GENERAL?

WE HAVE TOP MEN READY TO STUDY THE ORGANISM.

HAMMER INDUSTRIES? THE BIO DIVISION AT STARK?

GOOD GOD, NO. I DON'T TRUST ANYBODY IN THE PRIVATE SECTOR.

South Street Seaport.
THE SITE OF HORIZON LABS.
MARLA MADISON-JAMESON! ALWAYS A PLEASURE.
THAT'S REALLY HIM.
PETER, THIS IS GETTING EMBARRASSING.
NO!
BUT THAT'S MAX MODELL! CAN I GIVE HIM A HUG?
SO? WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?
SMEK
DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FOUND ANOTHER PILOT FOR MY SHUTTLE?
MORE LIKE A ROCKET SCIENTIST.
MAX, MEET PETER PARKER, E.S.U. GRAD, ALL-AROUND SCIENCE-WHIZ...
...AND PROBABLY YOUR BIGGEST FAN.
IT'S AN HONOR, SIR. I THINK EVERY COMPUTER I USED IN HIGH SCHOOL, COLLEGE, AND GRAD SCHOOL WAS A HORIZON MODEL.
HIGH SCHOOL? OW. NOW YOU'RE MAKING ME FEEL OLD, KID.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO--
IT'S OKAY. C'MON, LET ME GIVE YOU THE TOUR.
OUR FIRST STOP IS THE ATRIUM. IT'S A SOCIAL HUB FOR OUR DESIGNERS AND ENGINEERS.
A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE ON DIFFERENT PROJECTS CAN SEE IF THEIR IDEAS WILL CROSS-POLLINATE.
IT'S LIKE AN APPLE STORE AND WILLY WONKA'S FACTORY HAD A BEAUTIFUL BABY.
ZONIROTH
HM. I ALWAYS SAW IT AS PIXAR MEETS THE BAXTER BUILDING.
THIS IS WHERE OUR NINE-TO-FIVE EMPLOYEES WORK. NEXT UP IS OUR RESEARCH DIVISION, THE THINK TANK.
SEVEN INTERDEPENDENT LABS, EACH BRANCHING OUT IN WILD, UNPREDICTABLE WAYS. CREATIVITY PURPOSEFULLY LEFT UNCHECKED.
IT'S WHAT SETS US APART FROM STARK, BAIN, AND TRI-CORP. IN HERE, WE ONLY HAVE ONE RULE: IF YOU'RE GOING TO THINK, THINK BIG.

PEOPLE MUST LOVE IT HERE. LOOK HOW MANY SHOWED UP ON A SUNDAY.

WE *ARE* OPEN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. BUT "*THE LUCKY SEVEN*," MY A-TEAM, THEY COME AND GO AS THEY PLEASE.

IT'S BEEN MY EXPERIENCE THAT TRUE GENIUS DOESN'T PUNCH A CLOCK.

AS LONG AS MY PEOPLE PRODUCE ***THE NEXT BIG THING*** BY THE END OF THE QUARTER, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

GOING BY THE SECURITY LOG, ONLY TWO OF THE SEVEN ARE ON SITE. I CHECKED, AND THEY BOTH SAID IT WAS OKAY TO SHOW YOU THEIR WORK IN PROGRESS.

PETER, THIS IS GRADY SCRAPS. HE'S IN CHARGE OF LAB NO. 3.

HI. NICE TO MEET YOU. SO WHAT ARE YOU--

HOLD ON. WHY AREN'T I SHOWING UP IN YOUR MIRROR?

OH, MY GOD! MAX, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?! ***HE'S A VAMPIRE!***

I'M ***NOT*** A--

HE'S ON ***TEAM JACOB!***

WHA? ISN'T JACOB THE WEREWOLF?

AWWW, I'M JUST ***MESSIN'*** WITH YA.

I'VE BEEN EXTRACTING LIGHT ***FROM*** REFLECTIVE SURFACES...

...IN AN ATTEMPT TO TURN MIRRORS INTO SECURITY CAMERAS. THAT'S MY REFLECTION FROM YESTERDAY. SEE? DIFFERENT SHIRT.

THAT IS BOTH ***INSANE***-- AND INCREDIBLY ***COOL!***

DUDE, WELCOME TO HORIZON LABS.

YOU THINK THIS'S GOOD, WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT SAJANI'S COOKING UP NEXT DOOR.

PETER, SAJANI JAFFREY, OUR RESIDENT XENOLOGIST. SHE'S AN EXPERT IN ALIEN BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, AND, TECHNOLOGY.

HEY.

IF SHE CAN GET HER CURRENT EXPERIMENT WORKING, IT COULD BE THE MOST *LUCRATIVE* AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF THE DECADE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "*IF*"?

SORRY, MS. JAFFREY.

PETER, I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD THAT *PRINCE T'CHALLA* RECENTLY ACTIVATED A DEVICE...

...WHICH RENDERED MOST OF THE WORLD'S *VIBRANIUM* INERT. SAJANI, HERE, IS CLOSE TO CREATING AN *ARTIFICIAL* VERSION OF THAT REMARKABLE ALIEN METAL.

REALLY? THAT'S *HUGE!* THAT'D BE UP THERE WITH... TURNING LEAD INTO GOLD!

DONE THAT.

WHAT?

LIKE REAL VIBRANIUM, MY *REVERBIUM*, CAN ABSORB ANY IMPACT...

...AND *EVERY* VIBRATIONAL FREQUENCY. IN FACT, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO RUN THE *FINAL* TEST...

...AND THROW EVERYTHING I'VE GOT AT IT.

WAIT! DON'T! SOMETHING'S OFF!

WUB-WUB-WUB-WUB-ZZ

AHH!

OHH!

C-CUT THE P-P-POWER!

T-T-TURN IT-T OFF!

SH-SHOULDN'T BE D-D-DOING THIS!

VIBRANIUM'S ONE OF THE COMPONENTS OF CAP'S SHIELD. IT'S SUPPOSED TO *ABSORB* ANY IMPACT--ANY VIBRATION!

THIS STUFF--THIS *"REVERBIUM"*--IT'S *REFLECTING* IT.

GNNN!

NOT ONLY THAT--IT'S *AMPLIFYING* IT!

AND *INCREASING* IT EXPONENTIALLY!

LIKE BEING CAUGHT IN A HURRICANE.

TAKING EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH TO "WALL-CRAWL" ALONG THE FLOOR.

MADE IT TO THE CONTROL PANEL. WHAT NOW, GENIUS?

GOTTA MODULATE THE VIBRATIONAL FREQUENCY. ONLY *ONE* SEQUENCE WILL END THIS--

--BEFORE THIS WHOLE PLACE COMES DOWN ON TOP OF US!

OR A STRAY PIECE OF SHRAPNEL PUNCHES THROUGH MY BRAINPAN!

AND THIS TIME THERE'S NO CUTESY WAY OUT. NO PRECIOUS "*FALL BACK*" PLAN.

NO PARKER LUCK--FOR GOOD OR ILL. JUST PARKER SMARTS--

DANG! WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED IN HERE?

IT STOPPED.

MARLA? ARE YOU OKAY?

FINE, MAX. LOST MY GLASSES THO. CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT THEM. WHERE'S PETER?

OVER HERE. THE...UH...BLAST THREW ME TOWARDS THE WORK-STATION.

*TOWARDS* THE EPICENTER? THAT DOESN'T MAKE *ANY* SENSE. PETER?

OH, WHO CARES ABOUT THAT? GUYS, CHECK OUT THAT *MATH!*

THAT? THAT'S JUST SOME WAKANDAN CALCULUS.

I *KNOW* WHAT IT IS. IT'S ALL WRONG!

YEAH, IF YOU WANT THE *CORRECT* FREQUENCY. BUT YOUR MATERIAL'S AN *IMPERFECT* VIBRANIUM.

SO YOU CAME UP WITH A WAY TO EXPRESS THAT IMPERFECTION *ON THE FLY?*

WHAT'D I TELL YOU, MAX? HE'S GOOD.

ALL RIGHT, MR. PARKER... POP QUIZ: WE'VE DEVELOPED AN ANTI-GRAVITY HARNESS.

WHAT DO WE USE FOR AN EMERGENCY BRAKING SYSTEM?

MAYBE... AN ANTI-MAGNETIC INVERTER?

WE EXTRACT AN OBJECT FROM A TWO-DIMENSIONAL PLANE, HOW DO WE CONTAIN IT IN 3-D SPACE?

SUSPEND IT IN A LIQUID SOLUTION?

A SPACE-BORN FUNGUS STARTS REPLICATING. HOW DO WE SLOW ITS GROWTH?

WITH FIRE OR SONICS. THEY ONLY EXIST IN AN ATMOSPHERE.

SOMETHING BORN IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE WOULDN'T HAVE DEFENSES FOR THEM.

SO? WHAT DO YOU THINK?

HE'S... ACCEPTABLE.

AFTER THE *SCIENCE* HE JUST LAID DOWN? HE'S GOT MY VOTE. CAN I GIVE HIM A HUG?

NO.

WELL, THAT'S A THIRD OF THE THINK TANK. THAT'S ALL WE NEED.

A THIRD? YOU SAID THERE WERE SEVEN OF THEM?

RIGHT NOW, THERE'S ONLY SIX. WE HAVE AN OPEN SPOT. IF YOU WANT IT.

WELL... *YEAH!*

DR. J, HERE, SAYS YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF THE SCIENCE GAME FOR A WHILE.

SO WE'RE SETTING YOU UP WITH A HORIZON E-READER.

AND ONE OF OUR NEW SUPER-COMPRESSED FLASHDRIVES.

THAT'S 800 GIGS OF MEMORY. AND FIVE YEARS OF SCIENCE JOURNALS. GET CAUGHT UP.

OOOKAY.

CALL ME OLD-FASHIONED, BUT I'VE ALWAYS PREFERRED THE FEEL OF PAPER. HERE'S YOUR HORIZON MANUAL. STUDY IT. WE'LL SEE YOU IN A WEEK.

A WEEK? Y'KNOW, I COULD START RIGHT NOW.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. PARKER. WE'RE PAYING YOU FOR YOUR STUDY TIME.

THAT'S NOT A BOOKMARK. IT'S YOUR FIRST PAYCHECK.

OH-HO. SOOO MANY ZEROES.

WOO-HOO!

WHAT DO YA KNOW, SOMETIMES THE UNIVERSE ALIGNS ITSELF, AND EVERYTHING FALLS RIGHT INTO PLACE.

LIKE A *DREAM JOB*. OR A BOMB THAT'S ABOUT TO GO OFF AT THE EXACT MOMENT OF DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME.

OR A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER THAT, OUT OF ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD, BITES A CERTAIN LI'L BOY FROM QUEENS.

SO I *DIDN'T* FIND A PLACE TO LIVE. BIG DEAL. TOMORROW THE BANKS'LL OPEN, I'LL CASH MY GINORMOUS CHECK...

...AND MOVE INTO THE SWANKIEST HOTEL SUITE I CAN FIND. WHY? 'CAUSE I EARNED IT!

AND IN THE MEANTIME, ALL I NEED IS A WEB-HAMMOCK UNDER THE STARS...

...AND A BIG OL' BOOK ABOUT *SCIENCE!*

THIS. IS. *PERFECT*. I SWEAR, RIGHT NOW...

...THERE IS NOT A THING ON EARTH THAT COULD BRING ME DOWN.

SORRY, MR. FISK, BUT ACCORDIN' TO OUR MAN INSIDE HORIZON...

...THAT ARTIFICIAL METAL OF THEIRS IS DOWNRIGHT SQUIRRELY. IT AIN'T DOIN' WHAT IT'S SUPPOSED TA.

I'VE READ THE REPORT, MONTANA. AND WHERE THE REST OF YOU SEE *IMPERFECT* VIBRANIUM...

...I SEE THE *PERFECT* WEAPON.

SO THE JOB'S STILL ON.

OF COURSE. YOU HIRED THE MAN I ASKED FOR?

YEP. BUT WITH ALL THE FOLKS WE GOT IN SHADOWLAND...

...AND ALL THE PEOPLE I COULD GET YA, YOU SURE YOU WANT THIS FELLA?

ABSOLUTELY. WHEN IT COMES TO MR. KINGSLEY...

...I PREFER HIM EXACTLY WHERE I HAVE HIM.

UNDER MY THUMB.

KINGPIN, PLEASE, WHEN I'M "DRESSED" FOR WORK...

...CALL ME...

# HOBGOBLIN

To Be Continued...

SPIDER-GIRL in

# THE GIRL'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME...

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Spider-Girl variant cover
by J Scott Campbell
and Edgar Delgado

Follow Spider-Girl at: twitter.com/The_Spider_Girl

The_Spider_Girl: So I TOTALLY helped Spider-Man today!
12 minutes ago

THWIP

UNNNH!

STOP THAT GUY! I THINK HE TOOK MY WALLET!

AH, NEW YORK. DON'T EVER CHANGE.

THE MAYOR'S RIGHT, YOU'RE A MENACE!

The_Spider_Girl: He was fighting the robots. In New York. You know the ones. (check the trending topics!)

The_Spider_Girl: He got tagged by one of them.

The_Spider_Girl: And Mister Big-Time Avenger took a dive in some rich guy's pool.

The_Spider_Girl: But have no fear, Spidey-fans...

--PIDER--

The_Spider_Girl: ...therrrrrre I was to save the daaaay...

SPIDER-MAN! WAKE UP!

THERE'S A SERIOUSLY BIG TENTACLE COMING THIS WAY!

AND, YES, I JUST SAID THAT.

HUNHH!

HUFFFFFF!

OH, GEEEEZ!

The_Spider_Girl: And then HE saved ME from a tentacle! He moved FAST. And he felt…umm…let's just say he must work out.

WHOOM!

OKAY...I THINK I MIGHT HAVE LOST *CONSCIOUSNESS* THERE FOR A BIT.

I *KNOW* I DID. AND, THANKS...UHH, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO CALL YOU AGAIN?

SPIDER-GIRL. I'M LEARNING TO LIVE WITH IT

I'M A *GIRL* IN A *SPIDER* COSTUME. THE NAME IS KIND OF *INEVITABLE.*

"IT'S WHAT *EVERYONE* IS CALLING ME. OR SOMETHING CLOSE ANYWAY...

SPIDER-G--

"I WAS JUST *INTRODUCING* MYSELF TO SOME *LOOTERS* WHEN I SAW YOU BEING ATTACKED BY THESE...THESE...

OCTO-BOTS. ROBOTS CREATED AND CONTROLLED BY *DR. OCTOPUS.*

UM... ME AND GIANT KILLER ROBOTS DON'T REALLY MIX.

I'M MORE OF A *PEOPLE* PERSON.

HONESTLY... THIS MIGHT BE TOO BIG FOR ME.

The_Spider_Girl: Spider-Man grunted. It was the same grunt my dad gives right before I get a lecture.

The_Spider_Girl: Maybe I wanted a lecture. You all SAW those robots, right? You think WE don't get scared of them? #completelyterrified

LISTEN... YOU PROBABLY JUST SAVED ME FROM HAVING "KILLED BY TENTACLES IN A KIDDIE POOL" CARVED ONTO MY TOMBSTONE.

LET ME GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE.

THERE IS AN ASTONISHING AMOUNT OF POWERFUL PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD, AND A LOT OF THEM ARE FLAT-OUT CRAZY.

SO... TRUST ME... YOU WILL ALWAYS BE IN OVER YOUR HEAD.

ALWAYS.

UNLESS YOU'RE THOR.

SWEET HAMMER.

THE WAY YOU FACED OFF AGAINST KRAVEN AND HIS FAMILY WAS ABOUT THE BRAVEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN.

THEY'RE WAY CRAZIER THAN THESE ROBOTS.

MAYBE. BUT I KNEW WHERE TO PUNCH THEM.

HEY...IS THIS A CRACK IN THE--

SPIDER-GIRL!

LOOK OUT!

WHOA!

SHWOOOOSHH

THE *TENTACLE* MUST HAVE WEAKENED THE BUILDING! I'LL DO WHAT I CAN ABOUT THE *RUBBLE*, BUT I *CAN'T* HOLD THE *WATER!*

IT WILL HIT WITH *TONS* OF FORCE! COULD *KILL* SOMEBODY!

I'LL CLEAR THE DIVING AREA.

The_Spider_Girl: So, yeah. I said something about a diving area. It's not easy to quip when I feel like screaming inside.

LOOK OUT!

WHAT IS....?

C'MON! GOTTA GET OUT OF--

FFFWOOOOSHH

UNHHH!

AHHHH!

SCHLAPPPT

JAX 625

The_Spider_Girl:
I'm like anyone else. I freak about what dress to wear, burrito to eat, boy to flirt with, etc.

WELL, THAT SORTA, KINDA WORKED...

The_Spider_Girl:
But it's SO much worse when I do something where I know one mistake can get me killed. Or someone else.

OHHH!

FWUNKKT

ARE YOU... ⸗HUFF⸗...ARE YOU *OKAY*?

SOMETHING HAPPENED TO MY LEG. THINK IT'S *BROKEN*, BUT...IT *COULD* HAVE BEEN *SO MUCH* WORSE.

THANK YOU.

CAN YOU *WALK*?

SHOULDN'T I...**OWWW**... SHOULDN'T I KEEP *OFF* OF IT?

*NORMALLY*, YES...BUT I'M TRYING TO KEEP THE *ROBOT THING* OFF OF *US!*

AHHHH!

IS SHE *OKAY*?

I THINK SO. *YES.*

HER LEG IS...WELL...I'LL GET HER TO HELP.

UHH...IS THAT YOUR DAD?

The_Spider_Girl:
Dear Everyone;
Spider-Man is NOT my dad / brother / boyfriend / evil twin.

DO WHAT YOU CAN. GET HER TO A *DOCTOR.*

WHAT ABOUT THAT...*OTHER* DOCTOR?

OCTOPUS?

The_Spider_Girl: Spider-Man was TOTALLY spectacular. There's NO other super hero that could still look so COOL when he was so SOGGY.

*I'VE* GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH HIM.

TIME TO SHOW HIM WHERE IT *HURTS!*

SORRY ABOUT THE *LEG.*

*MUCH* BETTER THAN GETTING *CRUSHED* LIKE THAT CAR.

LISTEN...I RUN A *FLOWER STAND.* IT'S JUST OUTSIDE THE WHITNEY ART MUSEUM. STOP BY ANYTIME.

YOU GET FREE FLOWERS.

The_Spider_Girl: So here's my request, Spider-Girl fans...

The_Spider_Girl:...help a girl out. There's a woman who sells flowers outside the Whitney. She'll be wearing a cast.

The_Spider_Girl: She'll have medical expenses. Buy some flowers, would you?

The_Spider_Girl: And tell her Spider-Girl says, "Hi!"

C'MON! THE POLICE ARE DEALING WITH ALL THAT ROBOT MONSTER JAZZ! THIS STUFF IS OURS!

ACTUALLY... IT'S NOT.

YOU AGAIN?

YEAH. ME.

SPIDER-GIRL.

I FELT BAD ABOUT LEAVING SO QUICKLY EARLIER.

BECAUSE SOME HEROES TOSS BUILDINGS OR BLAST GIANT ROBOTS WITH LIGHTNING FROM THE SKIES. BUT, ME...?

I'LL ALWAYS BE A PEOPLE PERSON.

WHAM!

THE SPIDER-GIRL SAGA CONTINUES IN ONE WEEK WITH SPIDER-GIRL #1 FEATURING THE CAUSTIC CRIMSON CRUSHER RED HULK! YOU NEED THIS!

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

(Wow. It seems like I was talking to you people a week ago!)

Welcome back, everyone. Spider-Man editor Stephen G. Wacker here (The 'G' is for "Good Lord, why can't we just do a monthly regular-sized book?!?!) to welcome you to the next era in Spidey excitement…*Big Time*. We'll be here twice every month with 30 pages of Spidey action guaranteed to make you want to learn how to read! (And assuming that, like Editor In Chief Joe Quesada, you can't read, let me just say: **dpgo8nqwte56lshouldbeeditorinchiefq8**.)

You're in the right place if you're looking for all-new Spidey action. "Big Time" is designed with you, the discerning Spider-Man reader, in mind. Along with our sister books, *Spider-Girl* and *Osborn* (both on sale next week), we'll be exploring a whole new world for Spider-Man that springs naturally right out of many of the things we've been building in the book over the past few years. So whether you're a long-time reader or a brand-new one, we've got you covered.

As you've no doubt noticed, we've got a nigh-brand-new creative team on the book. We welcome artists Humberto Ramos, Stefano Caselli and Marcos Martin to the Spidey family. Humberto's drawing this opening arc, but the other two guys have each provided a variant cover to this issue just as a little "hello" to Spidey fandom assembled. You can check both the covers out later in the column.

Also we welcome new SOLO regular writer, Daniel P. Slott (the 'P' is for "Please, let me write Spider-Man. PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE! Waaahhhh! I'm not leaving your front yard until you agree, Steve!!"). Dan's been part of a team of writers working on the book for the past 100-plus issues, but he's still got 1000s of Spidey stories in him. If there's one thing Dan was put on this Earth to do (besides instant messaging me at 11 at night), it's write Spider-Man. (If any of you out there play video games, Dan was the writer of the recent smash hit *Spider-Man: Shattered Dimensions* game.)

I've done over 100 of these letter pages over the past couple years. And as letter/production guru, Joe Caramagna, will tell you, I was often typing the column just as the book was going to the printer (one week I actually hand delivered the column to the homes of every Spidey reader).

So starting next issue – and from now on – Slott and associate editor Tom Brennan are going to be handling this page, answering your letters, and bringing you behind the curtain a bit. (Please tell me when you're coming though just so I have time to put my pants back on.)

For this first issue, though, you're stuck with me…though Dan was nice enough to write a welcome message to all of you. Take it away, Danny.

**Hey, True Believers! Slott here. Like, REALLY here. In an *Amazing Spider-Man* letter column. It's my first time doing this, so it feels kinda weird. Knowing everything you're typing is going to wind up in print—in an ACTUAL ASM letters page. Neat!**

**This's all very new to me. I'm very proud to have been one of the Web-Heads, and I'm really gonna miss gabbing and swapping stories with Marc, Mark, Bob, Zeb, Fred, and Joe-- and collaborating with all of the talented BND artists! That said, I'm SO pumped for all the new adventures Humberto, Stefano, Marcos, and I've got cooking up for you! Just you wait and see!**

**In the coming months, Tom Brennan and I are going to trade off answering all your Spidery questions. So please feel free to sound off on everything you're digging, not digging, or just plain want to know. For example, one question I'm asked a lot is: "In the world of ASM, which characters now KNOW Spider-Man's secret identity?" Well, wonder no more, Marvelites, 'cause here we go:**

**We learned in the *Red Headed Stranger* arc (ASM #601-#604), that Mary Jane is the ONE person in Peter Parker's personal life who knows his dual identity –and she's known for some time.**

**In *New Avengers* #51, Spidey unmasked for his teammates Luke Cage, Jessica Jones, Spider-Woman, Ms. Marvel, Bucky-Cap, Wolverine, Mockingbird, and Hawkeye (who was Ronin at the time). Luke and Jessica's baby, Dani, saw (but I doubt she's telling anyone anytime soon). And later in that same ish, Dr. Strange saw Pete without his mask on as well.**

**In the *Face Front* story (ASM #590-#591), Spider-Man also unmasked in front of Mr. Fantastic, the Invisible Woman, the Human Torch, and the Thing.**

**And in the now legendary *Grim Hunt* arc (ASM #634-#637), we learned that both Kaine and the new Madame Web know as well.**

**Outside of see-all-know-all characters, like everybody's favorite Watcher, Uatu, that appears to be it. Finito. The end. But, of course, it's always fun to speculate…**

**Pretty useful stuff to know, right? Well that's what we're here for. So please keep reading—and writing! See you in two weeks!**

Thanks, Dan. Now you readers look at all that and think, "Wow, what a nice guy Dan is to welcome me to the book like that AND give me some useful information!" However, an editor looks at all that and thinks, "Geez, Dan! All those words could have been part of a Spider-Man script. NEED I REMIND YOU THAT THIS BOOK HAS TO GET PUBLISHED EVERY TWO WEEKS!! AHHHH!!!!!!! "

Anyway, we're going to wrap up for the week, but let me once again remind you to check out two fantastic new books next week:

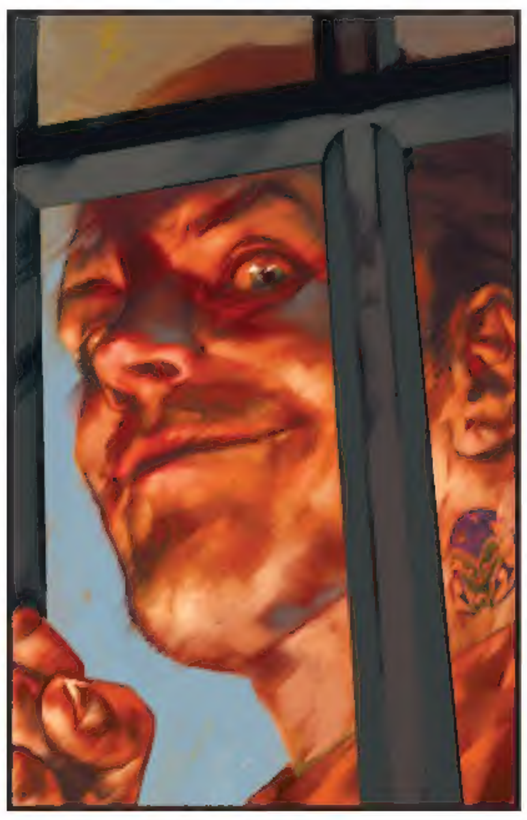
## SPIDER-GIRL #1

This all-new series is previewed right here in this issue of *Amazing Spider-Man*, but it kicks off with an extra-sized first issue next week. Paul Tobin and Clayton Henry are doing the work of their careers on this book and I'm confident it's going to surprise a lot of readers. Get in on the ground floor as Spider-Girl's first order of business is dealing with the Red Hulk!

## OSBORN #1

Since the end of last spring's Marvel event, *Siege,* readers have been wondering what happened to long-time Spider-Man nemesis, Norman Osborn (a.k.a. the Green Goblin). The answers are here in a 5-issue mini by Kelly Sue DeConnick (who recently wrote the fantastic *Sif* and *Rescue* one shots over in Thor and Iron Man land) and artist Emma Rios (who's been doing some great work here on Spidey and on *Shadowland: Elektra*).

Over the course of the five issues, you'll see how Norman is handling life in prison… and just what his connection is to these weird Goblin tattoos we've been seeing throughout many of our books. Check it out.



And that about does it for this issue. If you want to write in about this issue (and we hope you do), you can find the regular mailing address and the e-mail address on this page. Just be sure to mark OKAY TO PRINT somewhere in the letter, so I don't have an army of your personal lawyers coming after me.

As a side note, this is the last issue we're putting together at Marvel's home (for the last half decade, at least) on 5th Avenue. Tomorrow, we move to some new digs that I have yet to see. I just hope they have a nice private pool for me like I've grown accustomed to here.

We'll see everyone here in two weeks as Spidey faces off against this guy Hobgoblin… and, believe it or not, all secrets are revealed!

Viva,
Simperin' Steve
10/20/10

This issue's regular cover by Ramos, Cuevas and Delgado...
– Variant cover by Caselli and Delgado.
– Wraparound variant by Marcos Martin.
– Spider-Girl cover by J. Scott Campbell and Edgar Delgado.

You can see them all on the next page!

## NEXT!

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